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"And battlemented castle height"



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My Motherland

[Grant, James Miller]

By
(GRANT BALFOUR pseud.)

Author of
"Canada, My Home"
etc.

First Edition

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by Grant Balfour,
at the Department of Agriculture.

PS 8463

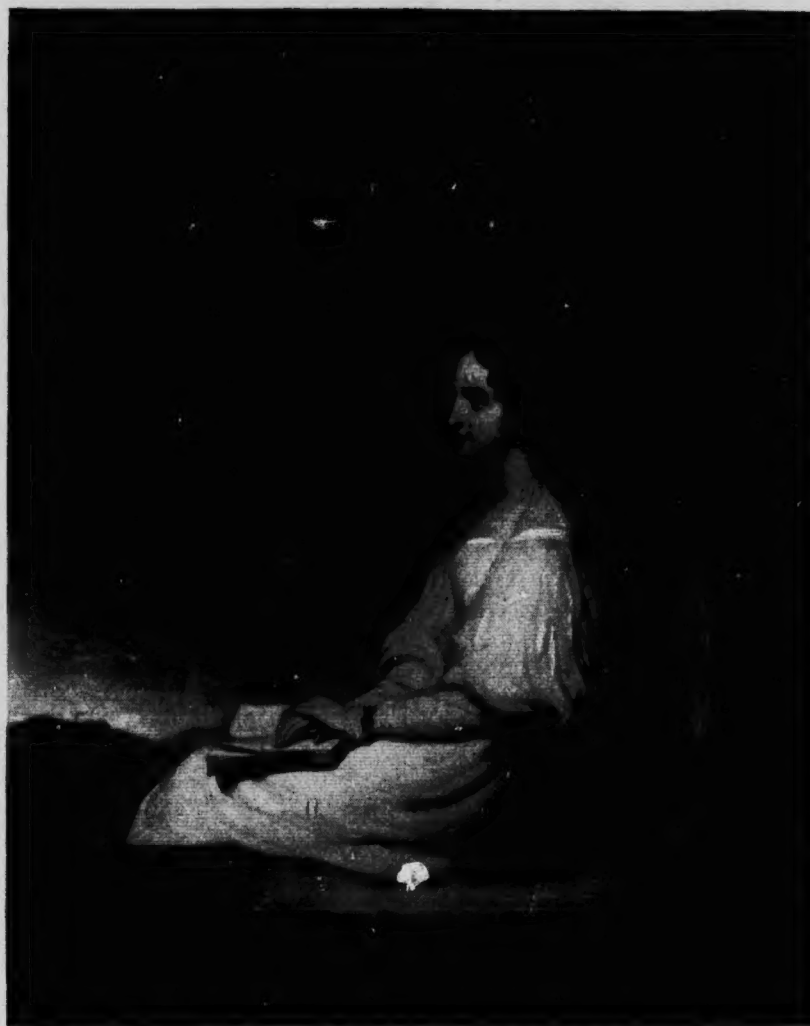
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* * *



"At even, when my peace has come"

My Motherland



THOU, my soul, ignoring night,
Thou searchlight far transcending day!
How swift thy race!
Nor rock may check, nor tempest stay,
Nor lightning rival in thy flight
Thro' farthest space.

At even, when my peace has come,
My spirit flies in filial love,
At my command,
Athwart the wave and far above
The cradled bird, to yonder home —
My Motherland.

As one in patriot-impulse lost,
Who would a soothing song outpour
To calm the heart,
O wondrous Land! I near thy shore —
Thy snowy surf and jagged coast —
Thou mighty mart.



"Thy snowy surf and jagged coast"



IKE stately crowded forest trees—
The glory of our western soil—
Thy masts upstand,
Proud symbols of victorious toil,
Thro' rival fleets and wrathful seas,
To every land.

The gates of Europe feel thy hold,
Yea, Earth's wide waters see thy sway
Of naval might;
And thy best children reverent pray,
That Britain ever may uphold
The might of right.

Devoted Britons shed their blood
That fettered Freedom might be free,
And by their life
Made men a higher vision see
In purple moor and darkling wood,
In righteous strife.



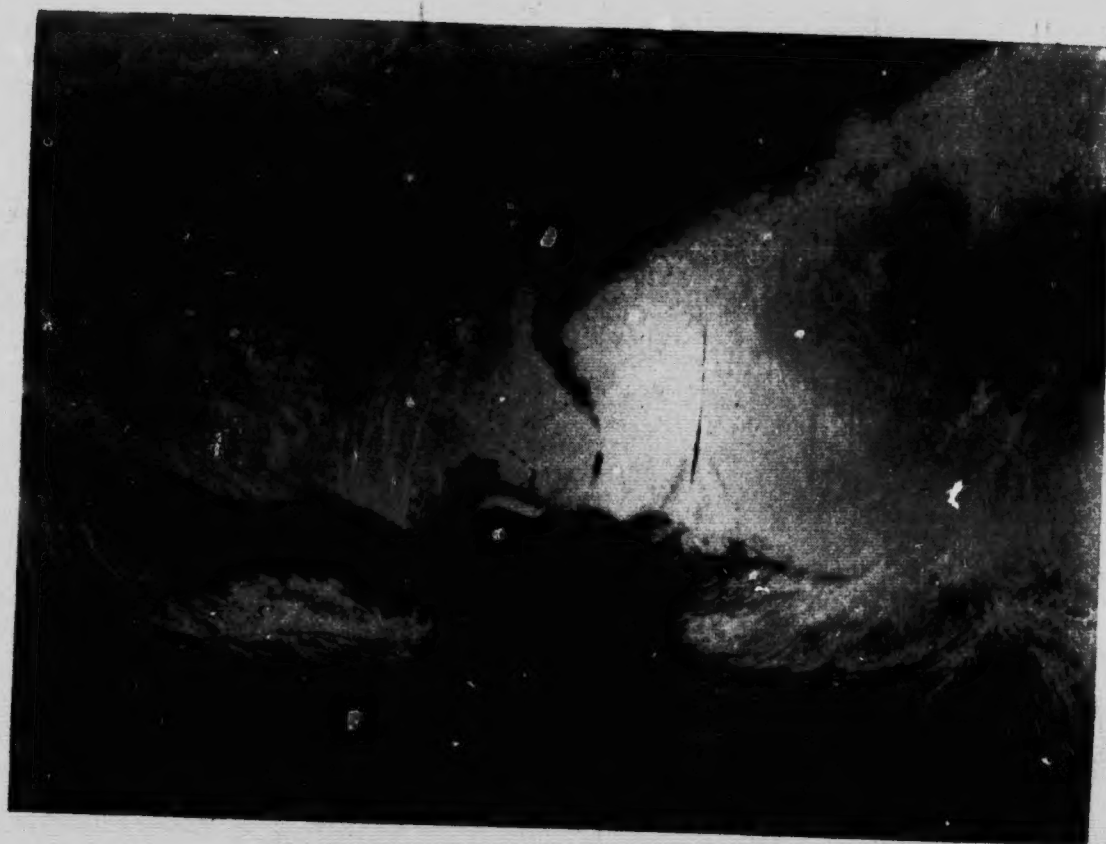
"In wrecked cathedral, abbey gray"



HERE may I tread thy sacred ground—
In cloister-vale, on beacon hill,
Or by the sea,
By Rome-bridged stream or lowly rill—
And not find history profound,
O Isles, in thee?

In tortuous street, dark alley-way
And battlemented castle height,
With dungeon cold,
In ivied church with softened light,
In wrecked cathedral, abbey gray,
With tombstone old?

I wend my way in reverent quest,
'Mid monuments upraised and spoiled
By hoary years;
I've mused in fields my fathers toiled,
And now—I read the end, their rest,
From toil and tears.



"A light beyond the blinding wave"



H Motherland! who, tearful, gave
Thy sons and daughters, leaving thee
For lands afar,
The Book of hope, inspiring, free,
A light beyond the blinding wave,
Their guiding star.

Britannia, mother of the free,
Ancestral home and ethic school
Of influence rare,
Imperial, democratic rule—
What shall we render unto thee
For all thy care?

The captive Jew, by Babel's stream,
The curse invoked with quenchless will,
In fealty grand—
That his right hand might lose her skill,
If he forgot his people's dream—
Their hallowed land.



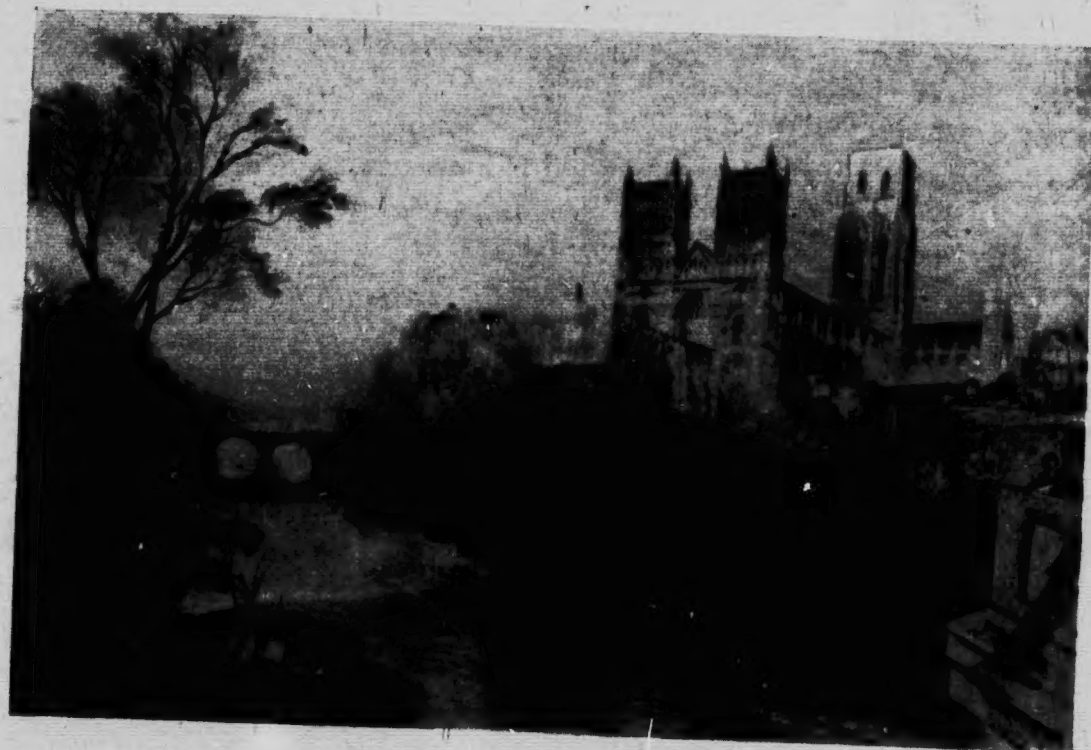
"Can I forget the bond of blood?"



KNEEL in no taskmaster land
When I, beseeching Israel's God,
Remember thee;
Can I forget the bond of blood,
And to thy love, my Motherland,
A traitor be?

I love the dream of the oak tree strong,
Of heather wild and foxglove bell
That lures the bee;
I breathe the dew-filled clover smell,
And in the raptured skylark's song
I'm lost in thee.

Sweet shamrock, triple heart in one,
Be thou the symbol, sacred, sure,
Of union fast
With England's rose, responsive, pure,
And Scotland's thistle — be ye one
While nations last.



"Among the nations thou art queen"



DWELL where golden prairies bloom,
Where streams and inland seas renew
The thirsty loam,
Where virgin forests sigh in gloom,
And snow-coned mountains cleave the blue
Resplendent dome.

I dwell where the voice of hopeful morn
Awakes a nation, youthful, free,
To grasp the hand
Of earth-transforming Energy,
And lo! industrious hands adorn
Our gladdened land.

We praise our God for the golden scene,
For freedom's breath from sea to sea,
For our glad land;
And grateful praise we give for thee —
Among the nations thou art queen —
My Motherland.